



At the Evening Time it shall be light.

BY MISS SIGOURNEY.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When every scene is fair,
While the opening buds the boughs adorn,
And fragrance fills the air;
Before the rays dawn awake,
And in thy being's pride,
Thy first young blush of beauty, make
Omnipotence thy guide.

Walk with the Lord at noon,
When fervid suns are high,
And Pleasure, with her treacherous boon,
Allures manhood's eye;
Then with the diamond shield of prayer,
Thy soul's oppressors meet,
And crush the thorns of sin and care
That bind the pilgrims' feet.

Walk with the Lord at eve,
When twilight dews descend,
And Nature seems a shroud to weave,
As for some sainted friend;
While slow the lonely moments glide
On mournful wings away,
Press closer, closer, to his side,
For he shall be our stay.

Even shouldst thou linger still,
Till midnight spreads its pall,
And Age laments, with bosom chill,
Its buried earthly all;
Thy withered eyes a signal bright
Beyond the grave shall see,
For he who walketh darkness light,
Thy God shall walk with thee.

LET YOUR SUMMER FRIENDS GO BY.

BY MISS F. S. OSBORN.

Let your summer friends go by,
With the sunny weather;
Hearts there are that will not fly,
Though the storm should gather.

Summer love to fortune clings,
From the wreck it saileth,
Like the bee that spreads its wings,
When the honey faileth.

Rich the soil where weeds appear,
Let their false bloom perish;
Flowers there are, more rare and dear,
That you still may cherish.

Flowers of feeling pure and warm,
Hearts that cannot wither,
These for thee shall bide the storm,
As the sunny weather.

TAKING THE CENSUS IN ALABAMA.

BY A "CHICKEN MAN" OF 1840.

The collection of statistical information concerning the resources and industry of the country, by the assistant marshals who were employed to take the last census, was a very difficult work. The popular impression, that a tremendous tax would soon follow the minute investigations of the private affairs of the people, caused the census taker to be viewed in no better light than that of a taxgatherer; and the consequence was, that the information sought by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance. The returns therefore made by the marshals exhibited a very imperfect view of the wealth and industrial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against the unfortunate officers—who were known as the *chicken men*—made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats and abuse which they received on all hands, but most particularly from the old women of the country. The dear old souls could not bear to be catechised about the produce of their looms, poultry yards and dairies; and when they did come down upon the unfortunate inquirer, it was with a force and volubility that was sure to leave an impression. We speak from experience, and feelingly on this subject; for it so happened that the marshal of the southern district of Alabama, "reposing a special confidence" in our ability, invested us one day with the power of assistant marshal, and arming us with a proper quantity of blanks, sent us forth to count the noses of all the men, women, children and chickens, resident upon those nine hundred square miles of rough country which constitute the county of Tallapoosa. Glorious sport! thought we; but it did not turn out so. True, we escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of "sliding out," but then we were quizzed, laughed at, abused, and nearly drowned. Children shouted "yonder goes the chicken man!"—men said, "Yes, d—n him, he'll be after the taxes soon!"—and the old women threatened, if he came to enquire about their chickens, "to set the dogs on him," while the young women observed "they didn't know what a man wanted to be so partic'lar about gals' ages for, without he was a gwine a courtin'." We have some reminiscences of our official peregrinations that will do to laugh at now, although the occurrences with which they are connected were, at the time, anything but mirth-inspiring to us.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life,—just at that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the higher hinges of the female tongue—and hunching to the fence walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow, gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—

"The mischief you are," said the old termagant.—"Yes, I've home of you; Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you, that if you said 'cloth,' 'soap,' 'ur 'chickens,' to me, I'd set the dogs on ye. Here, Bull! here, Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call, and laid down on the steps.—"Now," continued the old she savage, "them's the severest dogs in the county. Last week, Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jump'd my yard fence, and Bull and Pomp got him by the throat, and they killed them afore my boys could break them loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that what I tell them to do, they do—and if I was to sick them on your old horse yonder they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Robinson. And it's just what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, you old Van Buren! I wish I had you here you rascal! I'd show you what I'd do—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be senden' out men to take down what little stuff people's got, jist to tax it, when it's taxed enough already!"

All this time, we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the widow's portal. At length, as the widow paused, we remarked, that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of the family.

"No sich a thing—you'll do no sich a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the deatred old villian, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old; they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are *he* or *she*, is none of your consarns."

We told her we should report her to the marshal and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren here, if you're bad off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come!"—looking as savage as a Bengal tiger—"Oh, I wish he would come!"—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off!"

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of a joke.

"Kill him! kill him! Oh! if I had him here by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow, to be eating his vitals out'n gold spoons, that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the audacious, nasty, stinking old scamp!" She paused a moment, and then resumed: "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that piece of paper, and don't be telling no lies to send on to Washington city. Jist put down, Judy Tomkins, ageable woman and four children."

We objected to making any such entry; but the old hag vowed that it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. And at the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule, "Judy Tomkins, ageable woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, we shouted—

"Old 'oman!"

"Who told you to call me 'old 'oman,' you long legged, hatchet faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse, if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?"

"Don't you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do."

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score; thought you might suit cross-legged Dick S—up our way, and should like to tell him what he might count on, if he comes down next Sunday!"

"Here Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off, untroubled, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"S-i-e-k him, Pomp—sick, sick him, Bull—suboy, suboy, suboy."

Our next adventure was decidedly a dangerous one.—Fording the Tallapoosa river, where its bed is extremely uneven,

being formed of masses of rock full of fissures and covered with slimy green moss, when about two-thirds of the way across, we were halted by Sol Todd from the bank we were approaching. We stopped to hear him more distinctly.

"Hellow! little 'squire, you a chicken hunting to-day?"

Being answered affirmatively, he continued—"You better mind the holes in them ere rocks, if your horse's foot gits ketchen' in 'em you'll never git it out. You see that big black rock, down to your right? Well, there's good bottom down below that. Strike down thar, outside that little rille—and now cut right into the smooth water and come across!"

We followed Sol's direction to the letter; and plunging into the smooth water, we found it to be a basin surrounded with steep ledges of rock, and deep enough to swim the horse we rode. Round and round, the poor old black toiled without finding any place at which he could effect a landing, so precipitous were the sides. Sol occasionally asked us if the bottom was 'nt first rate, but did nothing to help us. At length we scrambled out wet and chilled to the bone—for it was a sharp September morning—and continued our journey not a little annoyed by the boisterous roaring laughter of the said Solomon, at our picturesque appearance.

We had not more than got out of hearing of Sol's exasperated explosions, before we met one of his neighbors, who gave us to understand, that the ducking we had just received, was but the fulfillment of a threat of Sol's to make the chicken man take a swim in the Buck Hole. He had heard of our stopping on the opposite side of the river, the night previous, and learning our intention to ford just where we did, fixed himself on the bank to ensure our finding the way into the Buck Hole.

This information brought our nap right up, and we requested Bill Splawn to stay where he was till we returned. We galloped back to Sol's, and found that worthy, rod on shoulder, ready to leave on a fishing excursion.

"Sol, old fellow," said we, "that was a most unfortunate *lunge* into that hole in the river. I've lost \$25 in specie, out of my coat pocket, and I'm certain it's in that hole, for I felt my pocket get tight while I was scuffling around in there. The money was tied up tight in a buck-skin pouch, and I must get you to help to get it."

This, of course, was a regular, old-fashioned lie, as we had not seen that amount of cash mentioned as lost, in a 'Coons-age.' I took, however, pretty well, and Sol concluded, as it was a pretty cold spell of weather for the season, and the water was almost like ice, that half the contents of the buck-skin pouch would be just about fair for recovering it. After some chaffing, we agreed that Sol should dive for the money, 'on shares,' and we went down with him to the river, to point out the precise spot at which our pockets 'grew tight.' We did so with anxious exactness, and Sol soon denuded himself, and went under the water in the Buck Hole, like a shuffling duck with his wing broke. Puff! puff! as he arose to the surface, 'Got it Sol?' 'No dang it.—Here goes again!'—he disappeared again—and he disappeared a second time. Puff! puff! and a considerable rattle of teeth, as he once more rose into the upper air. 'What luck, old horse?' 'By jings, I felt it that time, but some how it slid out of my fingers.' Down went Sol again, and up he came after the lapse of a minute, still without the pouch.

"Are you *right sure*, squire, that you lost it in this hole," said he, getting out upon a large rock, while the chattering of his teeth divided his words into rather more than their legitimate number of syllables. "Oh, perfectly certain. You know; \$25 in hard dollars, weigh a pound or two. I didn't mention the circumstance when I first came out of the river, because I was so scared and confused, that I didn't remember it. But I know just as well when the pouch broke through my coat pocket, as can be!"

Thus reassured, he took to the water again, and as we were in a hurry, we requested him to bring the pouch and half the money to Dedeville, if his diving should prove successful.

"To be sure I will," said he—and his blue lips quivered with cold, and his whole frame shook from the same cause.

The river ager made him shake worse than that, that Fall!

But we left him diving for the pouch, industriously, and no doubt he would have got it, if it had been there.

Once, as we were about to leave a house at which we had put up, the night previous, one of the girls—a buxom one of twenty—followed us to the fence, and the following *tete a tete* ensued:

"Now, squire, they say you know, and

I want you to tell me, if you please—what will chickens be worth this fall."

"How many have you?"

"The rise of seventy, of seventy and three hens a setting?"

"Well now, Miss Betsy—said we—you know how much I set by the old man, your daddy—and the old lady, you know how *she* and me always got along—and Jim and Dave, you know we was always like brothers—and yourself, Miss Betsy, I consider my particular friend—and as it is you, I'll tell you!"

"Do squire, if you please; they say Van Buren's going to feed his big army on fowls; and some folks say he's going to take 'em without payin' any thing for 'em, and some say he aint—and I thought in course, if he did pay for 'em the price would rise?"

"Well, the fact is—but don't say nothing about it—the army is to be fed on fowls; the roosters will be given to the officers to make 'em brave, and the hens to the common soldiers, because, you see, they aint as good."

"In course!"

"So you see, the hens will be worth about three bits—and roosters a half a dollar, and ready safe at that."

She was perfectly delighted, and we do not hesitate to say, would have rewarded us with a kiss, if we had asked it, but in those days modesty was the bright trait in our character. As it was she only insisted on our taking a *bit of something cold*, in our saddle-bags—in case we should reach town too late for dinner.

Our next encounter was with an old lady notorious in her neighborhood, for her garrulity and simple mindedness. Her loquacity knew no bounds; it was constant, unintermittent, interminable, and sometimes laughably silly. She was interested in quite a large clancery suit, which had been 'dragging its slow length along' for several years, and furnished her with a conversation fund which she drew upon extensively, under the idea that its merits could never be sufficiently discussed. Having been warned of her propensity, and being somewhat hurried when we called upon her, we were disposed to get through business as soon as possible, and without hearing her enumerations of the strong points of her law case. Striding into the house and drawing forth our papers—

"Taking the census, ma'am!" quoth we.

"Ah! well! yes! bless your soul, honey, take a seat. Now do! Are you the gentleman that Mr. Van Buren has sent to take the census? I wonder! Well, good Lord look down; how was Mr. Van Buren and family who you send him?"

We explained that we had never seen the President; didn't know him from a side of sole leather; and we had been written to, to take the census.

"Well, now, thar agin! Love your soul! Well, I 'spose Mr. Van Buren *writ* you a letter, did he? No! Well, I suppose some of his officers done it—bless my soul! Well, God be praised, there's mighty little here to take down—times is hard, God's will be done; but looks like people can't get their just rights in this country; and the law is all for the rich and none for the poor, praise the Lord. Did you ever hear tell of that case my boys has got agin old Simpson? Looks like they never will git to the end on it; glory to His name! The children will suffer, I'm mighty *afraid*; Lord give us grace. Did you ever see Judge B—?"

"Yes! Well, the Lord preserve us! Did you ever hear him say what he was a gwine to do in the boys' case agin Simpson? No! Good Lord! Well, 'squire, will you ax him the next time you see him, and write me word; and tell him what I say; I'm nothing but a poor widow, and my boys has got no farm, and old Simpson tuk 'em in.—They ought to have had a good start, all on 'em; but, God bless you, that old man has used 'em up, 'till they aint able to buy a *creetur* to plough with. I's a mighty hard case, and the will ought a't never to been broke, but—"

Here we interposed, and told the old lady, that our time was precious, that we wished to take down the number of her family, and the produce raised by her last year, and be off. After a good deal of trouble, we got through with the descriptions of the members of her family—and the 'statistical table' as far as the article 'chickens'.

"How many yards of cotton cloth did you weave in 1840, ma'am?"

"Well, now! The Lord have mercy! Less see! You know Sally Higgins, that used to live down in the Smith settlement?—poor thing, her daddy *drup* her off on the 'count of her havin' a little 'un, poor creatur!—poor gal, she couldn't help it, I dare say. Well, Sally, she came to stay 'long w' me, when the old man drave her away; and she was a powerful good hand to weave, and I did think she'd

helped me a power. Well, arter she'd bin here awhile; her baby hit took sick, and old Miss Stringer she undertak to help it—she's a powerful good hand, old Miss Stringer, on roots and yeabs and sich like! Well, the Lord look down from above! She made a sort of tea, as I was a-saying, and she gin it to Sally's baby, but it got wuss—the poor creatur!—and she gin it tea, and gin it tea, and, looked like, the more she gin it tea, the more—"

"My dear madam, I am in a hurry—please tell me how many yards of cotton cloth you wove in 1840!—I want to get through with you and go on!"

"Well! well! the Lord-a-mercy! who'd a thought you'd a bin so snappish! Well, as I was a sayin', Sally's child, hit kept a givin' and old Miss Stringer, she kept a givin' it the yeabs tea, tell at last the child hit looked like hit would die any how. And 'bout the time the child was at its wust, old Daddy Sykes he come along, and he said if we'd git some night shed berries and stew 'em with a little cream and some hog's lard—now old daddy Sykes is a mighty fine old man, and he gin the boys a heap of mighty good counsel about that case—boys, says he, I'll tell you what you do; you go—"

"In God's name, old lady," said we, "tell about your cloth, and let the sick child and Miss Stringer, Daddy Sykes, the boys, and the law suit, go to the Devil; I'm in a hurry."

"Gracious bless your dear soul! don't git agitated; I was jist a tellin' you how it come I did 'nt weave no cloth last year."

"Oh, well, you didn't weave *any* cloth last year.—Good! we'll go on to the next article."

"Yes! you see, the child hit begun to swell and turn *yaller*, and hit kept a *wil'in'* its eyes, and a moanin, and I knowed—"

"Never mind about the child—jist tell me the value of the poultry you raised last year."

"Oh, well—yes—the chickens, you mean! Why, the Lord love your poor soul, I reckon you never in your *born* days seen a poor creatur have the luck that I did—and looks like we never shall have good luck again; for ever since old Simpson tuk that case up to the Chancery Court—"

"Never mind the case; let's hear about the chickens, if you please."

"God bless you, honey, the *owls* destroyed in and about the best half what I did raise. Every blessed night the Lord sent they'd come and set on the comb of the house, and *hoo-hoo-hoo*; and one night in particklar, I member I had jist got up to the night-shed salve to 'nint the gal with—"

"Well, well, what was the value of what you did raise?"

"The Lord above, look down! They got so bad—the owls did—that they tuk the old hens, as well's the young chickens. The night I was telling 'bout, I hearin' somethin' 'scare! I equal! and, says I, I'll bet that's old Speck, that nasty outacious owl's got, for I seen her go to roost with her chickens up in the plum tree, consarner the smoke house. So I went whar old Miss Stringer was sleepin', and says I, Miss Stringer!—oh!—Miss Stringer!—Sure's your'e born, that stinkin' owl's got old Speck out'n the plum tree—Well, old Miss Stringer—she turned over 'pon her side, like, and, says she, 'What did you say, Mrs. Stokes?' and, says I,—"

We began to get very tired, and signified the same to the old lady, and begged she would answer us directly, and without circumlocution.

"The Lord Almighty, love your dear heart, honey, I'm tellin' you as fast as I kin. The owls they got worse and worse; after they had swept old Speck and all her gang, they went to work on 'others; and Bryant (that's one of my boys,) he 'lawed he'd shoot the pester some creaturs—and so one night arter that, we hearin' one holler, and Bryant, he tuk the old musket and went out, and sure enough, there was *owley*, as he thought, a settin' on the comb of the house; so he blazed away and down come—what on airth, did come down, do you reckon, when Bryant shot?"

"The owl, I suppose."

"No sich a thing! no sich! the owl wan't thar.—'Twas my old house cat come a tumblin' down, spoutin', sputterin', and scratchin', and the for a flyin' every time she jump'd like you'd a busted a feather bed open! Bryant he said the way he come to shoot the cat instead of the owl, he seed somethin' white—"

"For Heaven's sake, Mrs. Stokes, give me the value of your poultry, or say you will 'nt! Do one thing or the other."

"Oh well, dear, love your heart, I reckon I had last year nigh about the same as I've got this."

"Then tell me how many dollars worth you have now, and the thing's settled."

"I'll let you see for yourself," said the widow Stokes, and taking an ear of corn out of a crack between the logs of the cabin, and shelling off a handful, she commenced scattering the grain, all the while screaming or rather *screeching* 'chick—chick—chick ee—chick ee—chick ee—"

—Here they came, roosters, and hens, pullets, and little chicks—crowing, cackling, chirping—zying and fluttering over beds, chairs, and tables—alighting on the old woman's head and shoulders, fluttering against her sides, pecking at her hands, and creating a din and confusion, altogether indescribable. The old lady seemed delighted thus to exhibit her feathered 'stock,' and would occasionally exclaim, 'A nice passel!'—'Ain't they nice passel?' But she never would say what they were worth. No persuasion could bring her to the point; and our papers at Washington contain no estimate of the value of the widow Stokes' poultry, though, as she said herself, she had a *mighty nice passel*."

Black Hawk's Grave.

A writer in the Hawkeye in describing the "New Purchase" on the East side of Des Moines river, gives the following account of the grave of Black Hawk:

At the upper end of the prairie, a few hundred yards from where the timber sets in, is the grave of the once renowned Chief of the Sacs and Foxes—the mighty and unconquerable 'Black Hawk.' It might not be out of place here to give a description of his grave. It is constructed after the Indian mode of burial, by building a pen of round poles about ten feet long and three wide; the pen was built as high as the shoulders of a man would be when sitting on the ground. In the west end of this pen, the mighty Black Hawk was placed in a sitting posture, with his face towards the rising sun, his gun, his tomahawk and blanket were placed by the side of him; and then the pen was covered over, leaving the head and neck of the Chief exposed to the weather; his face was painted red, and striped off with black, just as a living young Indian dandy paints when he goes a courting, thus conveying the idea to the living Indians, that their great Chief has gone a courting to another world, where, should he receive the favor of the 'Great Spirit,' he would be united to some squaw, who had passed the bounds of mortality, and there they would forever be, in the green hunting ground, where deer and elk abound, and no white man would be there to molest them.

Extraordinary Circumstance.

Lately two young lads, who are servants to Mr. Wm. Walker, Muncey, Borgue, near Kirkcudbright, were singing turnips in a field near the sea shore, and, when they had finished their day's work, went to the brow of the laugh, or heugh. On looking over, they perceived, at a considerable distance, a gull's nest with young ones in it. The lads went away home, but, on their way, one of them, named Peter Hutchell, who is about seventeen years of age, said to the other that he should like to have a young gull for a pet. They afterwards retired to rest, but, some time during the night, the lad Hutchell got up in his sleep, walked away, without putting on his clothes, to the heugh, descended a fearful and nearly perpendicular precipice, clambered along a dangerous reef of rocks, reached the gull's nest, seized one of the young ones, retraced his perilous steps, reached the brow, returned to the barn, lodged the nestling in a barrel which holds corn for the horses, and went away to bed unperceived by his fellow-servant. On getting up he complained that his knees and limbs were sore; his fingers were slightly scratched and had bled, and he could not imagine why his feet were splashed with mud. He told his neighbour that he had dreamt he had caught the young gull, and placed it in the barrel in the barn, and, his imagination being strongly impressed with the belief, they went off and found the nestling in the very place safe and unhurt.—(The correspondent who has favored us with the above anecdote resides in the neighborhood where the extraordinary sunambullie feat was performed, and he says we may rely on its truth. A year or two since, our correspondent says, the same lad arose in his sleep, and, walking forth, fell from a granary, whereby he was much hurt.)—*Ed. Albion*.

A little girl while playing on the shed of a house in Leverett street Boston, near the jail, was addressed by an inmate of the jail as follows:

"Little girl, does your mother know you are out?"

"Hey! hey! sir, does your mother know you are in?" was the ready reply of the little miss.